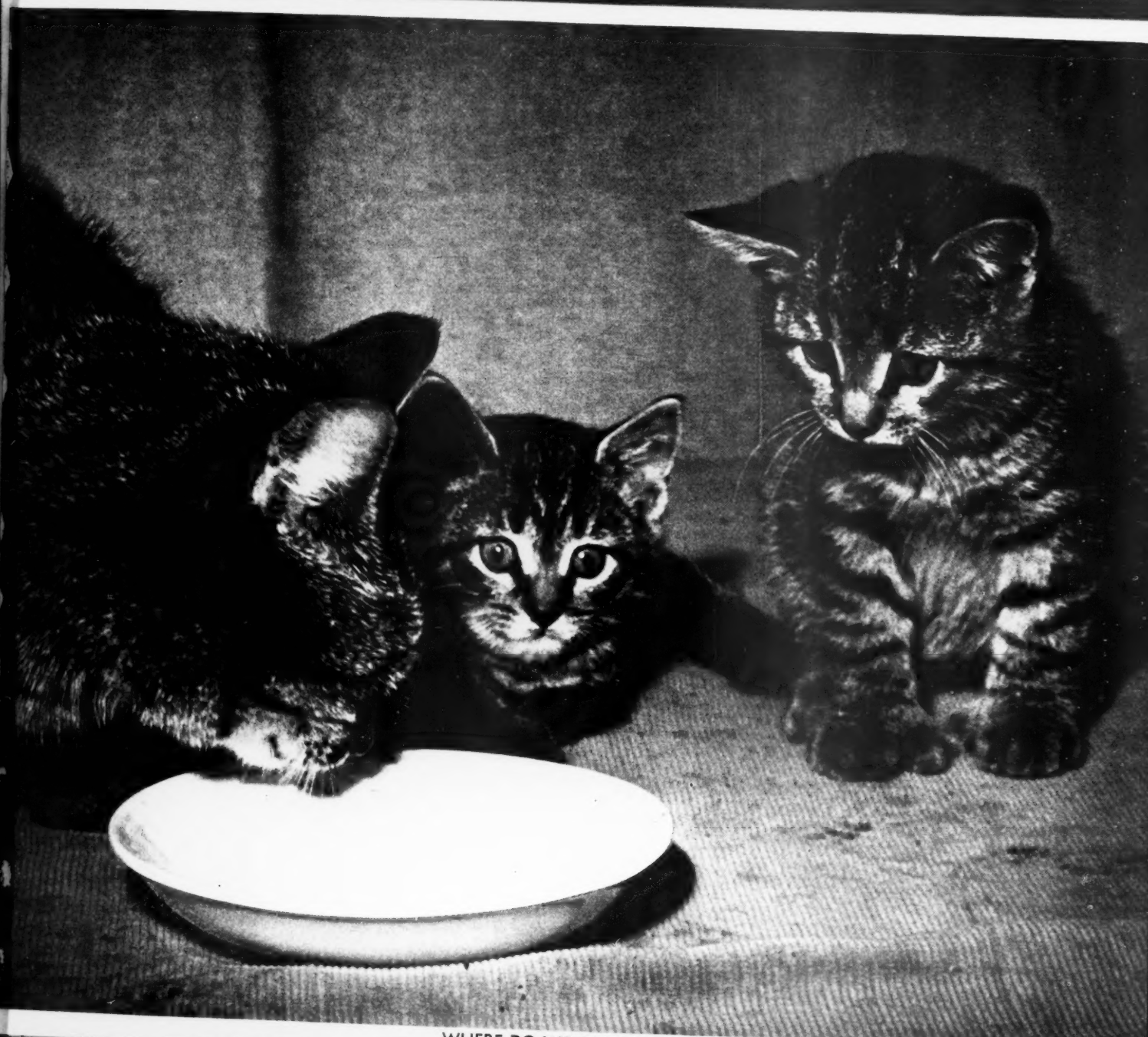


OUR DUMB

JANUARY 1949

Animals



WHERE DO WE COME IN?

—Photo, Georgia Engelhard

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER

☆

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies—\$.15.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Publication office, 48 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Entered as Second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 82 — No. 1

Animals

JANUARY, 1949

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
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Humane Education

THE periodic upsurge of "man's inhumanity to man" shocks each succeeding generation. Again and again those who hoped for this good life are rudely awakened from an easy complacency. Progress, so boastfully noted in every other phase of human endeavor, lags woefully in the field of human relations. "Peace on earth, good will to men" after nineteen centuries remains a prophecy unfulfilled.

The aspirations for a nobler civilization prompted by religion are seldom anchored in personal attitudes of heart and mind nor supported by social competence. We dream, we sigh, we drift. Each generation, therefore, sees millions cruelly perish and civilization teeter on the edge of the brink.

At the elementary level of education the sound pedagogical approach, to teach kindness and justice to man and animal alike, is by integrating instruction of humaneness with the subject matter of the curriculum. But to leave the matter there is in large part to lose the advantage gained. Humane Education must come to include the whole range of human relations, man to man, group to group and nation to nation. Human understanding, social responsibility and constructive citizenship are areas of such profound educational concern that their current neglect staggers belief. Their possession by the rank and file of our people is the only possible source of real stability and security. What shall it profit mankind to travel with the speed of sound or to harness the energy of the atom if his progress materially hastens final catastrophe?

Humane Education is called to a new imperative. Therefore, the American Humane Education Society has broadened the scope of its service. A start has been made in cooperation with Oglethorpe University, of Atlanta, Georgia, where a four-year program in the Rowley School of the Humanities has been inaugurated, specifically designed to inculcate human understanding, social responsibility and civic competence. This program is a sort of pilot plant, the results from which may have telling effect on education everywhere.

When education the world over grounds youth in the consciousness of man's common origin, needs, aspirations and destiny, when we all realize that personal advantage is never secure when maintained to the disadvantage of one's fellow men, when democracy comes alive in our hearts and is based on the essential worth and dignity of every human creature, then there will be neither East nor West, and each will finally be at home in his Father's house.

Our present endeavor is for a special endowment of one million dollars to be held and managed by the Trustees of the American Humane Education Society, the income from which will go to promote needed research in the field of human relations and in assisting the work of cooperating educational institutions.

Out of this need of the world has come a new vision. A start has been made. With your help let us hasten God's Kingdom.

*Dr. Philip Weltner
President, Oglethorpe University*



PETE IS BACK AT HIS OLD HAUNTS

Out of the kennel after a 90-day quarantine, Pete, the Main Street mongrel and campus canine, returns to one of his eating places.

"Pete" Is Back

By PAUL R. BROOKSHIRE

PETE" is back. That combination main street mongrel and campus canine returned with the fall of the leaves and the sound of the pigskin. His head is not a bit bigger for all the publicity he received and he is fat and healthy looking. His smile is more winning than ever.

And who is Pete? Just a dog? He is what some describe as a cross between a collie and a terrier. To use harsh words, he is a mongrel. But Pete is hardly that. Pete is a personality.

Last July the quarantine was imposed by the City of Lexington, Kentucky, on all dogs and Pete was to be carted away to the pound. But Pete had friends. He hadn't spent the nights bumming from the downtown crowds at Main and Limestone Streets, or the days on the University of Kentucky campus for nothing. So Pete was rescued. A cigar store manager saw to that. He took the dog out to a swanky kennel after Pete had objected to being cooped up in an old Y.M.C.A. building. The cigar store man set up a trust fund in the shape of an old milk bottle in his store and nickels, dimes, and pennies kept coming in all summer to keep Pete living in style.

The story hit the campus newspapers and soon the Lexington papers followed

suit. The wire services got it there and put it over Associated Press dispatches to Cincinnati and Louisville. Almost overnight Pete became famous. University students and townspeople flocked into the cigar store and made their contributions.

The quarantine went off after 90 days and Pete was released from "protective custody." As soon as he limbered up his legs, Pete immediately set out to visit his old haunts—the eating places, the hotels, and the four corners of Main and Limestone. He began picking up handouts again from the midnight crowd and the next day he was out hob-nobbing with the college crowd. Pete was new to the freshmen and they called him "Smiley" because he smiled when the fellows greeted him.

Night came, though, and the middle-aged mongrel migrated to town. He can't seem to get the street out of his blood. Academic life is a little tiring to Pete. Although he has attended classes in Differential Calculus, Intermediate Logic, and Advanced Abnormal Psychology, he doesn't care for class work.

Nevertheless, Pete loves his bluegrass campus and his streets. And he's back for the winter, and longer, barring quarantines.

Notice of PRICE CHANGE

We regret very much that the continued rising costs of publication make it necessary, beginning with our January issue, to raise the yearly subscription rate of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** from \$1.00 a year to \$1.50 a year.

And our special club rate, where five or more subscriptions are sent in at the same time will henceforth be at the rate of \$1.00 for each subscription.

We wish to assure all our readers whose subscriptions have not expired that their copies will continue without pause until expiration. At that time, however, the new rate will take effect.

It is with real concern that we undertake this step. For 81 years, this magazine has maintained its price level. We cannot, however, continue this practice in the light of present conditions.

We are confident, however, that our subscribers will help us bear these increased costs until times become more normal.

Here and There

TO all those who remembered Dr. Rowley, President Hansen and others of the staff at the Holiday Season with their attractive Christmas cards, we are sincerely grateful. We wish we could thank each of these appreciated friends with a personal letter. All they have wished us we wish them, and even more.

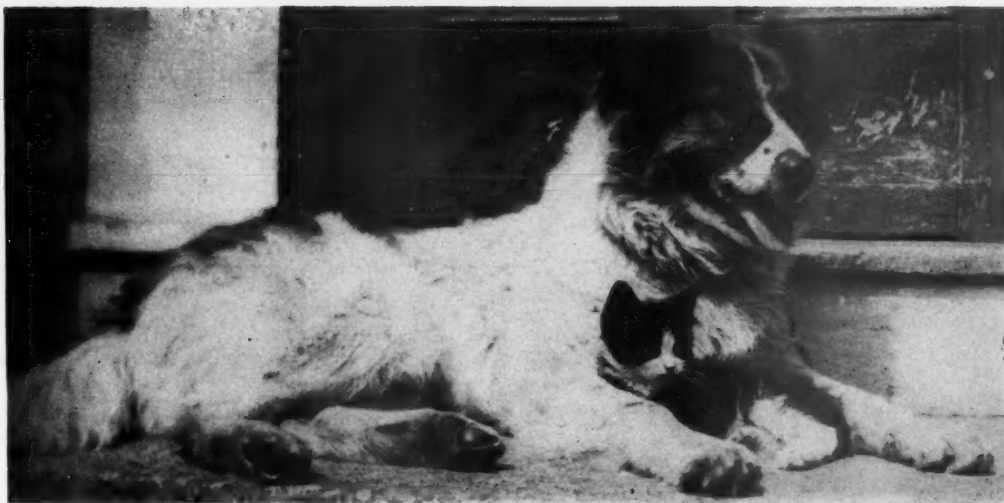
Dog Created for Man

SUCH fidelity of dogs in protecting what is committed to their charge, such affectionate attachment to their masters, such jealousy of strangers, such incredible acuteness of nose in following a track,—what else do they evince but that these animals were created for the use of man?

—Cicero

ANIMALS fear man, recognizing that his fondness for pets isn't always strong enough to restrain his instinct for slaughter.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



"Prince" and "Nosey," the kitten are the greatest of playmates and friends.

Strange pals and odd behavior emphasize these—

Animal Friendships

By HELEN L. RENSHAW

A CHANCE traveler, pausing for gasoline at a neat roadside station called the Cedars on the Seattle-Portland Highway, might rub startled eyes and take another quick look. About that time a grin is sure to spread over the observer's face. A great white duck is playing follow-the-leader with a gangling puppy who seems to be cougar hound with the super-structure of a Great Dane.

"Roscoe" is the duck with the strange infatuation. "Red," the friendliest animal in the pound that Mr. and Mrs. Galloway visited when they needed a watchdog, is the dog.

"He's pretty big," was Mrs. Galloway's first doubtful comment.

"But he likes us," countered Mr. Galloway, as though that was all that mattered.

Every ounce of Roscoe's "duck" devotion is for Red. He is in constant attendance. Where Red goes—there Roscoe must follow. When dog eats; duck eats. If Red chooses to tuck his nondescript head between his paws and sleep, his feathered friend stands devoted guard and eliminates flies or fleas from the sleeper's floppy ears.

Can they be separated? Well, not for long. If the Galloways cluck in just the right tone and offer the lure of a juicy "tomato tid-bit," the duck will waddle obediently in their direction. One swift lunge, and tomato and duck return to Red's side. Yes, Roscoe, the clown, and

Red, the guardian, are staunch friends and a strange pair.

An unusual combination of friends to be found in Merced, California, is a cat and a rat. A similar pair of pals lives in San Francisco. It would seem the cats and rats have signed a treaty, for their existence together is altogether peaceful. We are given to thinking of one animal as the natural enemy of another. The dog is supposed to terrify the cat, and the canary is thought to be in deadly danger in the vicinity of a cat. Yet Vera Dabelle of Minnesota has a threesome of strange pals: a dog, a cat and a canary. They show respect and even affection for each other. The cat curls up between the dog's paws, and the canary sleeps comfortably on the cat's head.

Another cat and bird combination belongs to David Wilde in Oxford, England. "They eat from the same dish," explains Mr. Wilde, "and the canary's favorite resting place is on the feline's back."

Many a man claims a dog is man's best friend. Some man and dog attachments are based on very real companionship. A Californian brags that his "dog-friend" can fish along with the best of them. The man, who has a cottage on Russian River, went on a fishing expedition with the dog. The dog brought home a 14 pounder. There is a family in Oregon that would not be at all surprised at this remarkable feat. They have a German Shepherd who brings home four or five

salmon regularly. This dog would seem to be quite a valuable addition to any family.

Sometimes a dog with "taking" ways can become quite a problem to his owner. "Jack" is a dog with "taking" ways and lives in Seattle, Washington.

"He is part Gordon Setter and part kleptomaniac," laughs his master ruefully.

The dog indulges his neurotic impulses by "borrowing" kitchen utensils. Any kitchen utensil will do. It may be from a neighbor's porch or shed or from a kitchen momentarily left unguarded. It is routine for Jack to come trotting gaily home with a fine deposit of aluminum kitchen ware. His loot is fairly breathtaking.

"One day's collection includes a score of articles: a glass pie plate, baking dish, aluminum wash basin, lower half of a percolator, top of a double boiler, two coffee cans and a pottery dish," mutters his owner. "What to do about it? We tour the neighborhood with the collection and vainly search out the owners."

In spite of repeated scoldings Jack shakes with pride as his daily collections mount in number.

Man might even profit from observing these oddities of animal friendship and devotion. The dog and cat, the cat and bird, the rat and cat—natural enemies, you say? Yet here they are, all living together in peace.



Cat That Walks Alone

THERE is an ancient legend that says that there was once a great rivalry between the cat and the dog for the favor of man. The dog decided that the way to make himself beloved was to become useful; so he began to run man's errands, to help with his work and to guard both the man and his possessions. Soon the dog became man's slave. Beloved, it is true, but a slave who must do a master's bidding.

The cat took a different course. She stretched herself out in languorous ease; she walked about with stately dignity; she charmed man with her grace and limpid motion and became his pet, his plaything.

Dogs, like wolves, hunt in packs and so devour their food ravenously because they fear it will be snatched from them. Cats, on the other hand, eat in a leisurely manner and with dignity.

Be careful what you feed your cat. Starchy foods (bread and potatoes) should not be included in her diet. The reason is that a cat's saliva contains no ptyalin with which to digest starchy foods. Raw meat will not make your cat fierce: fish, kidney or liver should all be included at times. But no raw pork! Be sure your cat has plenty of water where she can get it, especially in hot weather. Many cats seem to prefer unsweetened evaporated milk diluted with water, to fresh milk.

Do not make the mistake of thinking your cat will catch more mice if she is hungry. Cats hunt mice, more for amusement than from hunger. A well-fed cat who is feeling fit will make the best mouser. A cat would rather play with a mouse than eat it.

The Chinese are able to tell the time fairly well by looking at a cat's eyes. The pupil grows narrower as noon approaches and wider toward evening. Because of this dilation of the pupil it is possible for a cat to see with only one-fourth the light required for humans. A cat's eyes do not have anything phosphorescent about them and they do not shine in the dark unless there is some light. Light is not generated in a cat's eye, but is reflected, as in a mirror.

When your cat claws the bark of a tree or the upholstery on the furniture she is not sharpening her claws and preparing for battle, she is merely getting rid of the bits of loose nail which annoy her. She is, in fact, giving herself a manicure.

A cat's whiskers are useful as well as ornamental. Because of them she is able to keep her eyes fastened steadily on her quarry when mousing. Her whiskers warn her of nearby objects so she may avoid them. Never cut a cat's whiskers.

Cats suffer from excessive heat, but they are able to perspire only through the soft pads on the bottoms of their feet.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped the cat and noblemen often shaved off their eyebrows, as a sign of mourning, when their favorite cat died. In Siam, cats, not dogs, are used to guard the royal palace because of their superior grace.

—Laura A. Boyd

Top-Level Kindness

A NUMBER of Pennsylvanians learned about kindness to animals recently and the man who gave the lesson was Governor James H. Duff, chief executive of that Commonwealth.

The Governor was in Philadelphia for the annual football game between Navy and the University of Pennsylvania. At 10:40 A.M. on the day of the game downtown shoppers gazed with amazement as their dignified Governor ran after a nondescript mongrel from the door of the Ritz-Carlton to the entrance of the Bellevue-Stratford just across the street.

After he caught up with the animal, the Governor said to the traffic policeman on duty at the crossing: "He looks scared and hungry. Keep an eye on him for a minute or two."

The Governor was due at the Philadelphia Naval Base to help Rear Admiral James L. Kauffman with all the pomp and circumstance that the annual Penn-Navy football game entails.

Despite the heavy schedule ahead of him the Governor went into a nearby restaurant. When he came out again he was carrying a large supply of golden brown bacon.

He returned to the policeman, reclaimed the dog and carried him to his waiting limousine.

The dog shared the back seat with the Governor as the car sped through the Naval Base gates, headed for the Admiral and the pre-game pageantry. There, Governor Duff presented the animal to a member of the staff who assured the State's chief executive that it would be given a good home. It will probably become a sea-dog.

—Samuel Lafferty

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Petersen and Tom Farley



"What's eating him? He told us to bring home a guest anytime!"

I WAS talked into it. I didn't really like the hat. It was one of those giddy things, short on straw and long on frou-frou and made to be worn rakishly over one eye. On a chorus girl it might have been becoming; all it did for me was call attention to features I'd rather were ignored. But having paid ten dollars for it (it was reduced from twenty) my conscience wouldn't let me dispose of it via the incinerator, and finding no takers among my relatives, it was a case of wear it or go bareheaded. Wear it I did, avoiding mirrors and acquaintances as much as possible.

I took special pains, however, to leave it behind when going out with my husband or when there was a chance of meeting him on the street. Not that he'd say anything; he might even pretend not to see the silly thing, but I'd know from his silence what he was thinking, and my suffering ego would take a turn for the worse.

The time came eventually, when I had no choice but to appear with him in public, topped by the ill-advised purchase. The occasion was a dinner, given once a year by men of my husband's profession. At this time, the wives, dressed in their finery, were expected to attend to lend an ear and to applaud their husband's speeches. I had a new dress, but the matter of the hat slipped my mind until it was too late to do anything about it.

In trepidation, I left my bedroom and waited for the criticism I felt might be forthcoming.

Critically, my husband looked me over from the seams in my stockings to my headgear.

"Where did you get the hat?" he finally asked, circling me for a better view.

"I know," I said, trying to beat him to the punch, "it's years too young for me and I look like a cabbage that's gone to seed, but . . ."

"It's nothing of the kind," he contradicted, much to my surprise. "It's a good looking hat—the most becoming one you've had in years."

I suspected that this was pure flattery, but as time went on, he proved that he really did like the hat. No matter where we went, he was sure to suggest that I wear the chapeau with the "stuff" on top.

Strangely enough, his approval did nothing to endear the hat to me—in fact, I came to regard it as a sort of painful penance for my vanity, and longed desperately to be rid of it. I wore it when the weather man predicted a downpour; I wore it when we went driving, hoping it would be blown off and mangled on the highway. Nothing happened. I had about given up hope of ever being divorced from the hat, when "Buddy Bearskin" gave me an idea.

I had come home from a particularly hectic day of shopping. Shoes went in one direction, hat in another. The hat missed the bed and rolled under the dressing table, where Buddy instantly pounced upon it.

As I watched him walking stiff-legged and growling about the bedroom, the hat in his mouth and one eye on "Mr. Blue," I wondered why I hadn't thought of this solution of my problem before.

Deliberately, I turned my back on him. Presently, I heard him open the screen and go out with Mr. Blue at his heels.

From time to time, the sounds of conflict came to me through the kitchen window. Smiling to myself, I pictured what was happening. Buddy had the hat and Mr. Blue was trying to take it away from him. By the time they'd finished, there would be enough left to bury.

I decided to let my husband discover the remains. I would send him out with the dogs' feed immediately after dinner and then I'd try to keep my face straight and look crushed, when he reported the catastrophe.

Everything went off as planned. We ate. Jack picked up the dogs' plates and went out. Presently, I heard Jack give a surprised exclamation, followed by a scolding and a smack or two. I waited. Nothing happened and I was wondering what

"Mr. Blue," Fall Guy

by Ina Loney Morris



Mr. Blue guards the hat.

was causing the delay, when in he walked, holding the hat carefully by thumb and forefinger.

"Well, for goodness sake!" I exclaimed innocently. "Where did you find that?"

"On the lawn," he said. "Mr. Blue was standing guard over it and Buddy was so mad he'd scarcely eat his dinner."

I took the hat and examined it with sinking heart. Except for a tooth mark or two, it was little the worse for its experience.

"You ought to be more careful with your things," Jack said as he went off to read the evening paper. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Blue, Buddy would have chewed your pretty hat to ribbons."

"Good old Mr. Blue!" I muttered, but I said it through set teeth and with a black look in the direction of the back yard.

Lion's Share of History

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

WILD animals roaming the far-away jungle lands have had a greater influence upon mankind than you think. Leo the lion, for example, has had more than the traditional "lion's share" of publicity in the world of fact and fiction.

The king of the jungles can even be held accountable for more historic nicknames than any other animal in the past thousand years or so. Scottish King William was "The Lion of Scotland" and Richard Plantaganet of England delighted in the storybook nickname of "Richard, the Lionhearted."

Gustavus Adolphus is remembered in Swedish history as the "Lion of the North," while Louis VIII of France was known to his subjects as "The Lion." This sort of thing is something of a royal habit. The Emperor of Ethiopia still claims the "Lion of Judah" as one of his imposing array of titles.

The ancients even admitted the lion to the science of astronomy when they named Leo as one of the signs of the Zodiac. And lion-like courage added the word "leonine" to our already overcrowded dictionaries.

The lion can also be credited as the source of several Christian names for men. Leo and Leon are typical, while Leonard is "brave as a lion" and Leonidas is "lion-like." The name of Napoleon can be translated as "lion of the forest-dell."

On the literary side, "The Lion and the Mouse" was a best-selling American novel of some years ago. It recalls, of course, the fable of the mouse that removed the thorn from the forepaw of the lion—a neat little trick if you care to try it!

In view of the traditional courage of the lion it is not surprising that it should have been featured on the flags of many nations. Through the centuries lions have appeared on the standards of Scotland, England, Persia, the Netherlands, the Republic of Venice and many other states.

The lion and unicorn have appeared jointly on the royal arms of Great Britain since 1603. And the "Lion of St. Mark's" is familiar in early Venetian history, in the days when Venice was a power to be reckoned with in southern Europe.



Word to the Wise

IF a child is kind to animals, he will surely grow up to become a good citizen. To get along with animals requires thoughtfulness for their welfare and gentleness in their handling. These two attributes alone, when applied to human companionship, will insure real success in adulthood.

Heroic Dogs

By JEWELL CASEY

DOG stories have always been considered good reading—especially by those of us who love dogs. This article is made up of true incidents of heroic dogs, which brave deeds except for brief notices in local papers, are little heeded.

Mrs. Lena Moizhon, 72, of Stanley, North Dakota, declared that her life was saved twice by her faithful dog. Out in the pasture Mrs. Moizhon was attacked by a cow, which was driven away by the dog. However, the animal had broken the elderly lady's hip, and dislocated her shoulder, so getting to the house was impossible. Throughout the night the dog snuggled near his mistress, keeping her from freezing. Next morning when searchers found her, the dog was close beside her.

Then there is the case where two dogs, "Pulley," and "Prince," undoubtedly saved the life of their 82-year-old mistress, Mrs. Julia Miller, who fell and broke her hip in her yard near Council Bluffs, Iowa. Both dogs tried in vain to get her inside, and failing to do so went to the roadside a block away and barked at every passing motorist. Thirty hours after her fall, Mrs. Miller was discovered because of the dogs' antics. At the hospital, the doctors declared had it not been for the dogs—one on each side—pressing their warm bodies next to hers, Mrs. Miller would have contracted pneumonia.

W. E. Bloomfield, of Galesburg, Illinois, was caught beneath his car when the jack slipped, unable to move he told his two dogs "Go call mama!" The dogs ran to the basement window where Mrs. Bloomfield was working and barked until

she came out, then they guided her to where their master was pinned. Unable to raise the car alone, she phoned a neighbor who quickly came to the rescue. Many painful hours might have passed had not Bloomfield's dogs understood his command—"Go call mama!"

"Kindness to a stranger—food and shelter" more than paid William Keller, of Newark, New Jersey. The "stranger," a stray dog, had only been around a few days when one night the Keller home caught fire. The dog's frantic barks awakened the family, enabling them to escape unharmed.

Scarcely more than a pup, the collie of Nellis Earl, of Newcastle, New Hampshire, kept tugging at his trouser leg. Finally, to please the dog Earl followed it to a pool where a three-year-old neighbor child was lying on the bank, unconscious and bleeding from a cut on the back of the head. Earl is confident the dog saw the child fall into the pool, pulled it out and then hastened to his master for help.

Mrs. John Kritter, of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, did not want the stray dog that appeared at her home, so she took it to the police station to have it disposed of. Looking like a bright dog, the officers asked her to keep it until they could find a home for it. Reluctantly, she agreed. The next day the two-year-old Kritter baby disappeared. Searchers saw a dog running along the river bank, barking excitedly, and upon investigating they found the baby mired in the mud, but otherwise safe. Mrs. Kritter notified the police the dog had a permanent home!

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The howling monkey's just the chap
To help us at the game;
His roaring would be priceless, when
The team is out for fame.

His throat is specially designed
For loud and raucous noise;
Let's put him on the Rooting Team,
To cheer the college boys!



Who's Who in Animal Land

Wild Life Insurance

By KATHERINE FIELDS

MAYBE your family carries insurance. Well, animals have their insurance, too. They don't pay premiums, it's true, but all of them have found some way to outwit their enemies, which will insure their lives.

To the trickery of color many an animal owes its life. Some of them don a new coloring when the seasons change while others that live where the climate doesn't vary a great deal usually look the same all year around. For instance, the zebra's grotesque stripes never disappear, for they harmonize too well with the sunlight and shadows of the tall grasses and forests in Africa, but the white-tailed jack rabbit accommodates itself to very hot summers and rigid winters by putting aside a darker summer suit, when it is no longer warm, for a white one, which will match the snow and sleet covering the ground.

Shy, gentle animals, practically defenseless aside from their coloring, are usually so fleet and nimble that they can escape merely by swiftness. And, often, their extreme helplessness has sharpened their wits. Instead of running blindly together, sometimes several animals will run in different directions. Or they will pause in their flight, jump to one side, hide until the enemy has passed, then beat a hasty retreat.

Other animals, undoubtedly more fortunate, have been amply endowed by Nature. Few of the wild woodfolk are foolish enough to tangle with a porcupine or a skunk, for when a porcupine swings his tail, the quills loosen and his enemy is punctured like a pincushion. And, while an encounter with a skunk is seldom perilous, neither is it exactly pleasant.

The opossum, on the other hand, not being much of a fighter, is purely a bluffer. Let danger approach, and he falls limp, to all appearances dead. But after his enemy has poked him dis-



The wild mountain goat of Santa Catalina can scale the face of a sheer cliff with no apparent effort.

gustedly, then gone on, the opossum leaps to life and ambles away.

Certain animals have even been ingenious enough to build refuges. The whistler fashions hideouts along his paths, then when his arch enemy, the golden eagle, soars overhead, he gets into one of these and is safe. Probably, one of the cleverest of all such constructions is the moose yard. The moose, a formidable foe of any animal during the summer, flounders about helplessly in the soft snows. So, during this time, he barricades himself behind snow walls and tramples down a network of paths leading to the trees and bushes on which he feeds. In this retreat, his powerful hoofs are free to take on any enemy unwary enough to enter.

The hermit crab, with its soft, exposed abdomen, was completely left out when Nature handed around her weapons. Not to be outdone, however, it thrusts this

part of its body into an empty shell and may be seen crawling about on the sand, lugging its shell house with it.

The mountain goat's chief protection lies in its agility in scrambling speedily up the rough mountain slopes when pursued by an enemy. Its strong legs and rubbery hoofs enable this animal to maintain a safe foothold even on crumbling slate of the highest peaks.

And last, but not least, are the sentinels guarding the lives of other members of their tribe. Two or three ibexes will always stand on a high point, their noses pointed in opposite directions, while the rest of the herd eat and sleep. Wild horses also have their lookouts, as well as beavers, which warn of approaching danger by slapping their flat tails on the water.

So, in one way or another, every animal carries some form of insurance to help it in its struggle to live.



THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

TOO LATE!—The scene above happens all too often and Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider can do nothing but express his regrets. More grief is in store for the father of this family and the other children at home when they learn that "Friskie" will never return.

The Distemper Problem

by W. A. Swallow

AUTOPSY—Dr. David L. Coffin, Pathologist at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, is shown explaining to the veterinary staff what he found after having studied the remains of "Friskie" who died of distemper. Autopsy is an important part of the Hospital's new two-year study of the problem.



DESPITE the fact that distemper remains today the most important infectious disease of dogs, it persists in cloaking itself in mystery. Volumes have been written about this disease, but to the layman, these writings are couched in such technical terms as to render them non-understandable.

Therefore, this article is intended for the average dog owner so that he may have a little better understanding of distemper and thus, enable him to save his own pet from unnecessary suffering and perhaps eventual death.

First of all, in general, distemper resembles human influenza. Wherever dogs are raised this disease exists. It is highly contagious among dogs, but never to persons or other household pets. Puppies are particularly susceptible, although older dogs that have not developed a permanent immunity while young may also become infected.

So difficult is distemper to treat that once the disease has taken a firm grip on a dog recovery is questionable. *For this reason, it is of the utmost importance that the animal be taken to a veterinarian at the earliest signs of distemper.*

Unfortunately, however, early symptoms are difficult to detect. They vary greatly and are usually mild and seemingly harmless. Because of this, these first indications are too

PATHOLOGY—Doctors and technicians preparing and studying sections of diseased animal bodies. To this department, made possible by Edith W. Balch, doctors on the staff refer volumes of material to be analyzed and interpreted.



often overlooked by the owner. The initial symptoms may include a fever, together with chills, listlessness or depression, possible loss of appetite and a watery discharge from the eyes and nose. It takes professional judgment to evaluate these early signs properly. Only a veterinarian, after a careful examination of the dog, can determine accurately whether or not distemper is present.

The fact that the infected dog may seem to recover from the first signs of illness is, in itself, dangerous, for an uninformed owner, thinking all is well with his pet will neglect obtaining proper veterinary advice. But, in from five to seven days other symptoms appear. Even these further indications, however, can vary tremendously in individual cases. Most affected dogs show marked listlessness, variable fever, yellowish-green mucus discharge from the eyes and nose, coughing, sneezing, partial or complete refusal to eat, vomiting or diarrhea. Breathing may become very labored, indicating either lung congestion or pneumonia.

It is urged on every dog owner that whenever any of these symptoms become apparent in his pet or when he is at all in doubt when the dog becomes sick, he should take it immediately to his veterinarian for treatment and advice.

Certain steps have been found beneficial in the prevention of dis-

temper and although no method of immunization is one hundred per cent effective, several have been found so successful that this step is recommended to all dog owners. Inoculation is one of these steps; good general health another. For either of these a veterinarian should be consulted.

It has been found that dogs with high vitality are less likely to contract distemper than unhealthy animals. Vigorous health can be largely assured by supplying a proper diet, sufficient exercise and keeping the dog free of worms, the latter phase especially requiring veterinary advice.

This dread disease of dogdom has been definitely known to exist since the middle of the eighteenth century and since that time, wherever the diseases of dogs have been studied, a cure has been sought—so far to no avail. *There is still no specific cure for distemper.*

Here at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital no expense has been spared in dealing with this problem. In 1942, the John R. Macomber Ward was opened for the specific treatment and study of distemper. This completely equipped isolation ward, with facilities for sixty-eight patients, has brought to the Hospital interested professional and lay people from many parts of the country.

Since that time, the extensive rec-

ords of distemper cases have been carefully studied and evaluated. These findings, combined with the vast amount of work done by other agencies, has resulted in some progress in the better treatment and prevention of the disease.

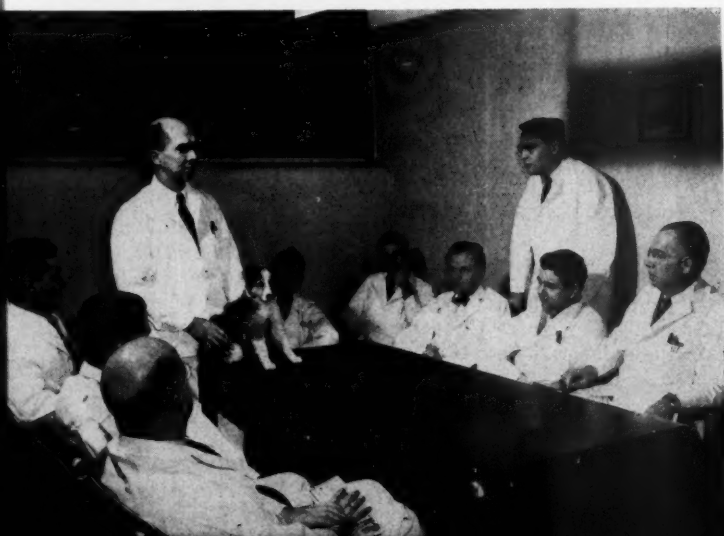
We are now, however, entering on a new phase of the distemper problem. A two-year plan has been evolved and a more intensive study of distemper is now under way in the Hospital. That such a plan will prove costly goes without saying. But, it is felt that this further investigation will add materially to what is already known about the disease—and such further information will naturally be made available to the veterinary profession as a whole.

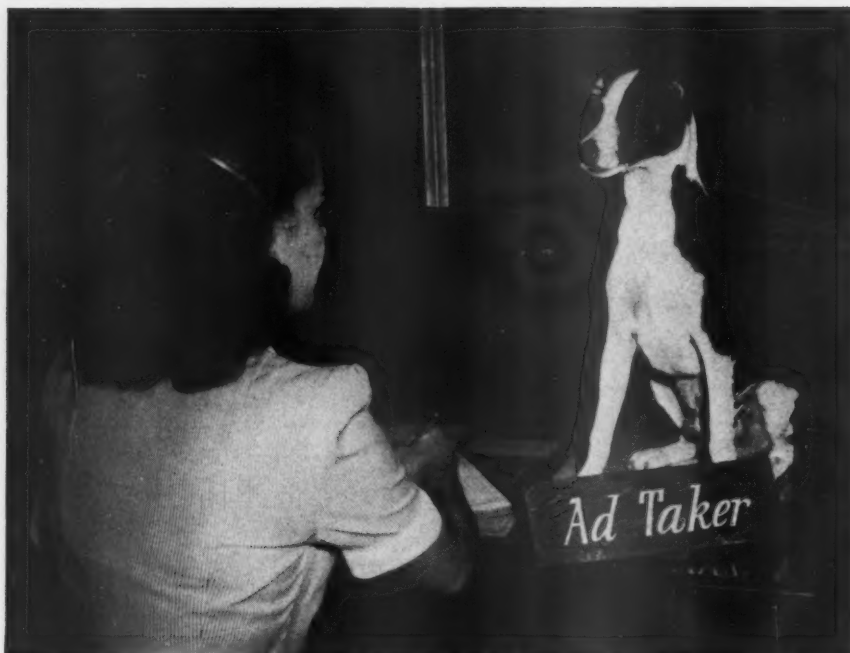
Such study is of the utmost importance, not only to dogs, but also to their masters. Picture for yourself the pitiful scene where a child and the doctor alike stand by helplessly while a friend dies from this dread disease. Yes, it will be expensive, but well worthwhile.

You, too, can have a part in this great undertaking. You can help your dog and *all* dogs by sending a contribution to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Just mark it for the Distemper Fund and your donation will be used solely for this one purpose—the study of the distemper problem.

STAFF CONFERENCE—Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff, with "Blaze," four-month-old healthy collie, lecturing to the veterinary staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital on proper procedure in keeping this beautiful dog healthy and happy so that it may enjoy its life and give pleasure to its little mistress.

PREVENTION—Joan, receiving "Blaze" from Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, is happy to get her playmate back again after a careful check-up at the Hospital. Her parents are following the Society's suggestion to all dog owners that they have their pets examined regularly.





Ruth Culbertson interviews her canine customer.

Classified Advertiser

By MARY LOU CULBERTSON

A SMALL terrier-type dog of unknown origin made its appearance at the Classified Ad section of the Greenville News-Piedmont's newspaper office, at Greenville, South Carolina, and absolutely refused to face eviction.

It was chased from the office a dozen times a day for over a week, but the persistent puppy sneaked and followed heels back into the office, to make with the pleading eye and the wagging tail.

Miss Ruth Culbertson, 20-year-old ad taker, set herself the task of interpreting the canine customer's wishes, and the following appeared in the paper the next day:

"Wanted: Immediate possession of one

small, unpretentious dog house, furnished with an aged soupbone and a smelly doormat. Prefer an adventurous young landlord with bare feet and jelly on chin. Rent, in the form of friendly yapping, hand-licking and adoration will be paid regularly in advance. Good watchdog services will be available in return for left-over handouts of stew, hash and cold toast.

"Will respect owner's property and not dig mole holes near the petunia patch. Those interested can reach me at my temporary headquarters, The Greenville Humane Society, Furman Hall Road, Greenville, S. C."

It worked. The terrier found a home.

Cat Calls By NAN McALESTER

PET cats in the Saunders' home, in Oswego, New York, do not answer to the call, "kitty, kitty, kitty." They come instead to a whistle. Mrs. A. W. Saunders finds it easy to train kittens to respond to a whistle signal.

As soon as it is old enough to eat from a bowl, she whistles her signal to a kitten as it eats. After several meals, she whistles first, then feeds the pet.

Soon, the kitten has associated the whistle with eating and comes to her whistle. Always she takes care to reward the animal by stroking it gently and feeding it immediately.

It takes no more than several days to condition even a small cat to come at the sound of the whistle, whether cat is in the house or out-of-doors. The entire Saunders family uses the same whistle signal, three long tones.

Permanent Home

By DENTON HARRIS

FOURTEEN-year-old "York," ailing and nationally known Dalmatian mascot of Fire Company No. 11 in Atlanta, Georgia, is sure today that she will remain in the only home she has ever known. Earlier this month an official of the fire department passed down an order that York was no longer welcome around No. 11, and the trouble began.

The official said in his order that the aged dog was fat and slow and that she might get in the way of the heavy equipment.

She might do that, York's firemen buddies agreed. But they've been helping her out of the way for the past couple of years when the heavy equipment started rolling. York has grown too old and clumsy to scramble aboard the pumper she rode to fires for 11 exciting years.

The firemen of No. 11 still wanted York around. After fourteen years they had grown attached to her. They contacted Fire Chief C. C. Styron, and the Chief issued a rule that York stays at No. 11 "as long as the older men want to keep her." He said further that she was not even to be relegated to a little house of her own behind the fire station.

York came to the station fourteen years ago as a gift of a Brooklyn, New York, fire company. Her mother was a fire department mascot. Dalmatians, the coach dogs, have always been known as friends of horses.

Before York was a year old she was scrambling to her place in a box atop the pumper whenever the telephone "jigged"—three rings from headquarters before the large bell clanged. During the terrible Terminal Hotel disaster of 1939, she sat aboard the pumper for twenty-three hours without a break.

The men who have known her all those fourteen years say that she has always been like that, serious about her business—never jumping off and getting in the way.

York was slim and regal then, a spotted beauty who carried her head high. Now her favorite pastime is dozing in the sun that warms the pavement in front of No. 11. Her friends figure she has earned the right to that resting place.

York won't be able to hop up on the great red engine when it roars away these days, but she's there to welcome them home.

She has her permanent home.



Our New Bookplates

LOOK for the announcement of our new bookplates on the inside back cover. These are just the thing for your library. Let "Copy Cat" and "Tiny" see that your books do not go astray. They're the best of "watch dogs."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Learning from Animals

By JEWELL CASEY

BY carefully studying the lives and habits of various animals, man has obtained much valuable information in architecture, mining, engineering, medical science, the art of camouflaging, military engineering and many other things.

From the study of the construction of the quills of birds, man learned how to make hollow metal tubes, combining strength with the minimum weight.

By studying bats, radar—long in use by these flying mammals—is one of man's newest inventions.

From the wasp and hornet, man learned the art of making paper from wood pulp; from the mud wasp, he learned the value of mud as building material, and from the silkworms he learned much about silk.

The snowshoe rabbit, the grouse and ptarmigan with their natural snowshoes, furnished the inspiration for man to invent snowshoes, skis and skates.

Beyond doubt man obtained much valuable knowledge in the art of building dams and constructing canals from the famous dam builders, the beavers.

Medical science adopted the use of anesthetic and hypodermic needles probably from observing wasps and glow-worms using them on victims.

Eagles, hawks and vultures gave man his idea for gliders. And the first balloonists and parachutists, capable of going many miles before alighting, are the common spiders.

Doubtless the idea of the submarine came from the diving spider which forms a bubble of air and goes down into the water with his tiny tank of oxygen.

From the skunk, man got his idea for gas as a weapon, and from the octopus, which discharges ink into the water discoloring it so escape from the enemy is made possible, the use of the "smoke-screen" was developed.

Some 2,000 or more years ago, military designers made a shell-like shed, similar to the turtle, which protected soldiers in battle. In more recent years, still copying from the turtle, tanks have come into great usage.

Although man copied the helicopter from the dragonfly, no man-made machine will ever be so perfect as the living helicopter which changes its direction with great rapidity and with all ease while in flight, and which has perfect all-around visibility, and wonderful weapons of offense.

Among the animals are many wonderful examples of camouflage which no artist could ever equal. The walking-stick insect which looks so similar to a twig; butterflies which resemble leaves; owls which look like bark-covered wood; young deer with their mottled bodies, resembling light and shadows on the ground—these and many others—have taught man the art of camouflage.

Button Animals

By DOROTHY FOSTER BROWN

ANIMALS are always interesting, wherever found, for their appeal is universal and they have played an important part in our civilization. Since earliest times, too, they have been drawn, painted and otherwise portrayed, so that their likenesses decorate all kinds of things, from prehistoric caves and huge buildings to fragments of pottery, bits of jewelry and buttons.

During the nineteenth century, animals were especially popular on buttons—so popular that today collectors, both old and young, enjoy making "Button Zoos." Besides the animals pictured here, many others can be found on buttons: alligator, bat, buffalo, rhinoceros,

cow, sheep, wolf, wild boar, opossum, monkey, donkey, snake and even that curious creature from Australia, the duck-billed platypus!

Lions, horses and dogs are the most popular button animals. There are also dragons, unicorns, sea-horses and similar imaginary beasts, as well as birds, insects and fishes.

Most animal buttons are from fifty to seventy-five years old, but there are also modern buttons made of plastics, which portray animals in a colorful up-to-date fashion.

So if, like most of us, you can't collect real animals, it is fun to collect pictures of them on buttons!



1—Gnus; 2—Deer; 3—Saddle Horse; 4—Squirrel; 5—Lion; 6—Poodle; 7—Tiger; 8—Rabbit; 9—Camel; 10—Giraffe; 11—Elephant; 12—Fox; 13—Pig; 14—Cats on the Roof; 15—Frog; 16—Lizard; 17—Turtle; 18—Rocky Mountain Goat; 19—Polar Bear.



The All-American Beaver

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE industrious beaver was hard at work felling trees, building dams across streams, and erecting dwellings of plastered mud long before the first men visited the North American continent.

White men soon symbolized this sort of industry in a variety of ways. The beaver was depicted on the seal of the City of New York, and was further symbolized with many place names on the land.

Among these, Beaver and Beaver Falls are cities in Pennsylvania, while Beaver Dam is a thriving Wisconsin community and a New York village. A trio of Beaver counties can be found in Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and Utah, in addition to a Beaverhead County in Montana.

New Yorkers will remind you of popular Beaver Kill State Park up in the Catskills, which has a couple of neighborly namesakes in Beaver River and Lake Beaver River. Beaver lakes too

numerous to mention are scattered across the land from Maine to California.

The profusion of Beaver lakes, in fact, suggests a lack of originality on the part of the pioneer settlers—or an over zealous desire to pay their geographical respects to the engineering genius of “animaland.”

A group of islands in the northern part of Lake Michigan answers to the name of Beaver Islands. Historically they were the site of a short-lived Mormon colony in the early days of that sect.

Beaver mountains and Beaver peaks are just about as plentiful as the lakes honoring the busy little beaver. Even the Beaver creeks and rivers share the spotlight on the map of our country.

All in all, the industrious beaver has a rather complete collection of place names to its credit—a collection thoroughly deserved by this all-American “animaland” friend.

I Resolve By CARROLL MAYERS

*My New Year's Resolutions
Will never be complete
Until I've vowed to care for
Each bird or beast I meet.
Some water in a bird bath,
A daily crust of bread,
Will give my feathered friends a drink
And help to keep them fed.*

*A kindly pat, a gentle word,
Behavior as a friend,
Will win from dog or cat or horse
Devotion without end.
Yes, care for all God's creatures
Should be on your list, too,
So why not put it there, yourself,
And daily follow through?*

True Dixie-Cat

AN aunt of ours had a cat named “Haqui” that hated the tune “Marching through Georgia.” For the amusement of her niece, who was visiting her, she placed the cat on top of a table one day and, seating herself on the opposite side, began to whistle the air. Instantly Haqui began to show signs of discomfort. As the whistling continued his back humped, his tail grew big, and a glitter of hate came into his eyes. Finally when his nerves could not endure another note, he crouched as if ready to spring and hissed in a very ungentlemanly manner.

But the niece was doubtful about the cause of Haqui's anger. “How do you know, Aunt Anna,” she asked, “that it isn't something in the sound, perhaps the shrillness, that affects him that way?”

At once the aunt changed the tune to “Suwanee River.” Haqui's tail diminished in size, his back straightened, and he settled down on the edge of the table with his tail drawn comfortably around his legs. But a repetition of a few bars of “Marching through Georgia” produced the same symptoms as before.

Still the niece remained unconvinced, until one day a band passed the house playing “Over There,” and Haqui, sitting on a chair near the window, continued to purr all the time. Then the band struck up “Marching through Georgia,” and at once Haqui stood erect; he became excited and began to lash his tail; his eyes flashed anger. He worked himself into a veritable frenzy as he emitted his m-e-a-o-u of rage. He did not calm down until the band was well out of hearing distance.

After that the niece was convinced that Haqui knew and hated “Marching through Georgia.” But why?

That's easy. He must be a “Dixie-cat.”

—H. E. Zimmerman

Are You Interested?

AS we are continually being asked by teachers and others for large pictures of children and animals for classroom use, we are planning, if enough people are interested, to publish a set of ten or twelve “story-telling” pictures. These illustrations would be large enough so that, for instance, a teacher could hold them up in front of her class and ask the children to write the story as they saw it in the pictures. Averaging 8" x 9", these pictures would be printed on heavy paper about 11" x 12". Just right for framing, if desired.

If enough orders are received, we hope to be able to sell these sets at fifty cents each. *Do not send money now!* However, we would appreciate anyone interested letting us know so that we shall know how to plan.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Society Exhibit

THE little old red schoolhouse at Storowton again housed the exhibit of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at the Eastern States Exposition, held recently in Springfield. Thousands of children and adults passed through the building.

The "schoolmarm," Mrs. Earle H. Taylor, in flowered crinoline and cap, lent atmosphere by greeting the visitors at the door tolling the old bronze school bell.

Each side of the schoolroom was given over to exhibits showing the various departmental work of the Society, including humane education, hospital and clinic service, investigating department and radio. Lectures on first aid to animals were given by Dr. A. R. Evans, chief of staff of the Springfield Hospital, and Dr. Robert L. Leighton, also of the Springfield veterinary staff.



S. P. C. A. Aids Maine

MAINE was visited by forest fires again this year. As soon as it seemed that fires might go out of control, one of our officers, Harold G. Andrews of Hyannis, was dispatched to the scene to aid animals on farms which were in the path of the flames.

Mr. Andrews visited all the farms along Route 90 and the Dodge road, warning the residents to remove their cattle in case fire should menace their properties, and assisted where necessary. He advised that animals be removed from their barns and staked out on plowed ground, or on green pastures which would not burn, at a reasonable distance from the edge of the woods. At one farm the house, barn and two outbuildings were destroyed by fire. Animals in the pasture were saved, but some stock was burned. As all feed was destroyed the Society supplied funds to purchase hay and grain.

The Boston office arranged to have two ambulances on call and funds available.



Officer Andrews treating wounded dog.

January 1949



"Signor Caruso," "Footsie," "Carry-all," "Lucky," and "George Washington," shown with Mrs. Ray K. Winans, are a treasured and impressive reception committee.

Reception Committee

SIGNOR CARUSO, "Footsie," "Carry-all" and "Lucky," four outstanding cats, and "George Washington," a German Shepherd, comprise a most unique reception committee. They greet thousands of visitors to Storowton, a reconstructed colonial village on the Eastern States grounds in West Springfield, of which their mistress, Mrs. Ray K. Winans, is director.

From early summer until late fall Storowton is open to visitors from all parts of the world, and tours are constantly in progress. Lucky accompanies the guests everywhere on all occasions and Footsie frequently joins the groups. George Washington is quite apt to make a threesome, and the guests find much amusement and enjoyment at being escorted around by two cats and a dog. Lucky and Blackie have been shut in almost every building in Storowton and if they fail to appear for supper call, their mistress takes the great keyring from the wall and opens each house until the truants are found.

Lucky and Footsie and George Washington have attended weddings in the old church, receptions in the old mansion, lectures in the old barn and dinners in the old tavern. They have attended vespers in the chapel where, according to the minister, they solemnly walked down the side aisle, mounted the pulpit and slowly wended their way out by the opposite aisle.

Our Springfield Hospital presented George Washington to Mrs. Winans on February 22, 1946, when he was a small puppy. He roams the seventy-two enclosed acres on the Exposition grounds, zealously protects his family, yet is ever willing to extend a paw in welcome to travelers from far and wide. Visitors are always impressed by the cats, particularly their size. Signor Caruso weighs twenty-eight pounds!



Photo by S. Alton Ralph
Mrs. Earle H. Taylor greets a visitor.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Mrs. Hanna explains to Richard Kearns how to care for a new puppy. Richard and the puppy like each other right away.

Smart Dog By Janice Louke

I ONCE had a dog named "Wrinkles," a Boston bull terrier. He was a very smart dog. He loved swimming, and his specialty was diving. The place where most of the kids went swimming, the boys had built a diving board on a tree which hung over the water. He would go up and jump off. It was at quite a height, but he loved it. Sometimes when the family went swimming and didn't take him, he would get out and go swimming and meet us there. He used to come home soaked sometimes. We knew he'd been swimming. We loved him, and all the neighbor kids and grown-ups knew and loved Wrinkles.

A Lost Puppy

By Gwen Salberg (5th Grade)

*Dear little puppy with eyes so kind
Much happiness in your life I hope you will find
A master to feed you well every day
And a bed made of soft, sweet smelling hay.*

*I'd like to have you in my own little arms
But mother says dogs belong on farms.
Wherever you go, wherever you stay
I hope you find children with you to play.*

"Snuffy"

By Richard Eastman

WE had a dog named "Snuffy." He was two months old when we got him and he was the perfect picture of a cocker spaniel that you had on the cover of your magazine one month, for he was a cocker spaniel, too.

He used to go up to bed with my sisters at night, and, honestly, he would get in bed and lie just like a human being, head on the pillow and front paws on the outside of the covers. He dearly loved my little sisters and they loved him.

This fall he got run over and we all cried over him. Even the boys and girls that knew me and saw my dog expressed their deep sympathy over his death, for he was liked by all.

"Champ" in the Sun

By Joyce Freeman

WE have a dog living next door named "Champ." One day I was out sliding on a hill near our house. Champ was with me. When I started to go home I was surprised to find Champ was not with me. It was late afternoon and a little cold, so I thought he must have gone home. When I got to my house I saw Champ. He was atop his master's car. He had gone to sleep there to keep in the sun.



"Champ" has his picture taken.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo by David W. Corson

Come On and Play!

FLUFFY" thinks David has napped long enough, so he proceeds to pull the clothes off him. They have a tug of war, which is great fun for both. David thinks Fluffy is just the best dog ever, and Fluffy is devoted to David, so they have many good times and they take good care of each other.

"Mr. Black" Takes a Walk

ONCE there was a cat that traveled 1,000 miles all by himself! Do you believe it is possible? Well, that is what "Mr. Black's" owner said. He is a handsome black cat, with a shining white vest and four white mittens on his paws. He belonged to Mrs. L. T. Fraser of Atlanta, Georgia, but her sister, Mrs. Ted Jones, liked him so much that when she returned to her home in Stamford, Connecticut, after a visit, she was allowed to take the cat home with her.

Mr. Black did not like Stamford so well as Atlanta and he missed the folks at home, so he decided to go back. Well, sure enough, after a long time he arrived home and the little girl in the family who had been his playmate, welcomed him with much petting for being such a clever cat as to find his way home. She washed and bound up his sore paws, and after a while, when he had rested and lapped up many saucers of milk, he was himself again.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

January 1949

Kittens—A, B, and C

By MARGARET MOODY

*Under the spreading apple tree,
I play with my kittens, A, B, and C.
They all run after a catnip ball;
Over and over each other fall.
Their eyes are green and their fur is thick.
The best of the lot is hard to pick.
A has the sweetest face, I think,
B is a shadow, black as ink.
C is a tiny tiger kit.
On summer mornings I like to sit
Here with red apples on the ground,
Watching three kittens romp around.
Soon they'll be cats and won't play with me
Under this spreading apple tree.*

ANSWER to "BIRD TALK" which appeared in November: 1. False, The American Bald Eagle; 2. False, The Ostrich; 3. True; 4. True; 5. False, The Bluejay; 6. False, The Nightingale; 7. True; 8. False, The Pelican; 9. True; 10. True; 11. False, The Mourning Dove; 12. False, The Peacock; 13. False, The Robin; 14. False, The Hummingbird; 15. True.

How Many "P" Birds

By Alfred I. Tooke

START at any letter "P" you like in the diagram and see how many bird names you can spell. You should get at least ten well-known birds, and perhaps one not so well known. Their names will be on this page next month.

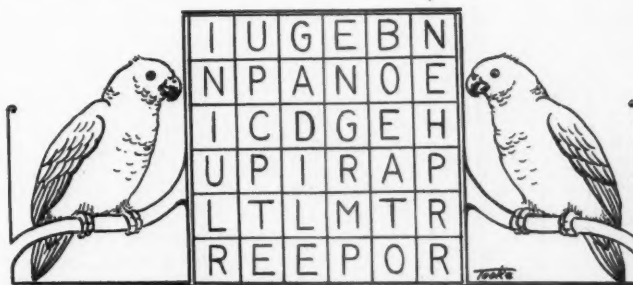




Photo by Herman Ausin

The chipmunk accepts the offered nuts and stores them away.

Animal Food Conservers

By BEULAH WILLIAMS

FOOD and shelter are the first needs of animals! In order to obtain these they group themselves together. Unlike man, they do not buy and sell, they give and take and have co-operative shops which they operate with great success.

Foxes, rabbits, monkeys, deer and numerous others conduct these dining-rooms on a cooperative principle. Some watch and wait while others dine. The same is true where they go to watering places to drink and bathe.

One of the most unique and clever food conservers is the American polecat. Aside from providing for himself he lays in a supply of food for his entire family. The nursery is usually comfortably embedded in a cave, and is lined with soft, dry grass. Next to the nursery is the pantry, which often contains from ten to fifty large frogs and toads. They are all alive.

The chipmunk is another interesting food conserver. He is so named because his cry sounds like the chirp of little chickens. His home is underground, usually under an old wall, near a rock fence, or under a tree. His pantry is a marvel! He is a miser, and stores up every acorn and nut he can find. His variety of food is almost unending. He especially likes buckwheat, pecans, and grass seeds. In carrying home his food he fills his pouches to overflowing and then takes another nut in his mouth.

The porcupine and the hedgehog have a unique method of collecting food for their young. After shaking down berries

or grapes, they roll in them, then hurry home with the food attached to their quills.

The harvest rat gathers piles of hay for winter use sometimes to the height of six or eight feet in diameter. They begin harvesting in the early part of August, and after having cut the grass they carefully spread it out to dry before placing it in their barns. These barns are usually located in holes or crevices of mountains. The California wood rat not only is a food hoarder, but a notable thief and robber. I once read where a nest was found containing knives, forks, spoons, nails, tacks, eye glasses, a purse, a string of beads, soap and numerous small buttons, needles and pins, besides a supply of their favorite food.

Those animals who do not have permanent homes forage for food. They are regular gypsies. The orang-outangs are an example. They take life easy and sometimes during their journeys select a suitable spot near the seashore and have a real picnic. They like oysters and dig up the big ones. If one of the fisherman-monkeys finds an oyster open, he will not insert his hand to remove the meat until first placing a stone between the valves. This assures him protection against the closing of the oyster.

Animals have demonstrated long ago that they have as many talents as human beings. In fact, all through the ages man has been imitating the animals in burrowing through the earth, penetrating waters and flying through the air.

Tolstoi's Last Words

BEFORE he passed from earth, the great Tolstoi left this farewell message to the world:

"Instead of returning evil with evil, try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of men; to act kindly even with the ox and dog. Live thus one day, two days or more and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days. Make the attempt and you will see how the dark, evil modes have passed away and how the soul's happiness has increased. Make the attempt and you will see that the gospel of love brings not merely profitable words, but the greatest and most desired of all things."



Annual Poster Contest

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society announce the opening of their annual Poster Contest, open to pupils in elementary grades above the third and in junior high and high schools, in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, which will be celebrated May 1-7—Humane Sunday, May 1. The Contest closes March 1, 1949.

Prizes for this year's Contest will be pins of an attractive design, the first prize to be of silver, and the second of bronze. In addition, annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* will be sent to those winning honorable mention.

Before starting on your posters, if you do not have complete rules be sure to send for them. Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1949.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00
Second Prize 15.00
Third Prize 5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes
Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.



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They are ready to visit you now and to act as permanent guardians of your books.

Tiny says, "Our services are cheap and we make wonderful presents for your friends."

Copy Cat says, "I think so, too. Just see how reasonably we may be purchased":

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50 bookplates \$.85	300 bookplates \$4.00
100 bookplates \$1.50	400 bookplates \$5.25
500 bookplates \$6.50	

"And, if you want your name printed right in the name panel," chimes in Tiny, "we can take care of it for you."

"Yes, we can," says Copy Cat. "And what's more, we can have any name you want imprinted, too, in case you want to give some as presents. It's cheap. See! These are the prices of the bookplates and imprints all together":

25 bookplates \$2.00	200 bookplates \$4.75
50 bookplates \$2.35	300 bookplates \$6.50
100 bookplates \$3.00	400 bookplates \$8.25
500 bookplates \$10.00	

And, in chorus, Copy Cat and Tiny say: "Just send your orders right away to":

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ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

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It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500 00	Associate Annual	10 00
Sustaining Annual	100 00	Active Annual	5 00
Supporting Annual	50 00	Annual	2 00
Contributing Annual	25 00	Children's	1 00

The annual meeting of our two Societies will be held Wednesday, February 23, 1949.

1948 BOUND VOLUME OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bound in cloth, with gold letters. It will make a most attractive addition to your library, or perhaps you are looking for a gift that is different. It contains informative articles on nature and animal care, appealing verse, and approximately 200 striking illustrations. Ready in January. Price — \$2.00

BE KIND TO ANIMALS BUTTONS

Buttons with animal group design, in color are available in three styles—Inscribed Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S. P. C. A.

We can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons showing white star on dark blue background, with gold border and lettering. Price \$2.00 a 100.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Starting Right!

YES, let's make a resolution right now to start the New Year right. After all what would the New Year be without a resolution? And we offer this one as something that can be carried out without a lot of personal sacrifice.

Here is your resolution:

RESOLVED: That in this year of 1949, I will send subscriptions to five more libraries, schools or families than I did last year.

See how easy it is, and yet, you will be giving entertainment and sound education to many, many people. You will be one with us in endeavoring to build character and increase kindness to animals.

To paraphrase Winston Churchill's famous words, "Never did so little mean so much to so many."

As you know, the subscription price of *Our Dumb Animals* is now \$1.50 a year, but we are making a special offer to those sending in five or more subscriptions at the same time — a very much reduced rate of \$1.00 a subscription.

Won't you make up your mind *now* to carry out this resolution. Just fill in the blank, add additional names and send with your check to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

New Year's Club

This certifies that you are one of those extraordinary persons who keeps his New Year's resolutions.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

NAME _____

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(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME _____

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